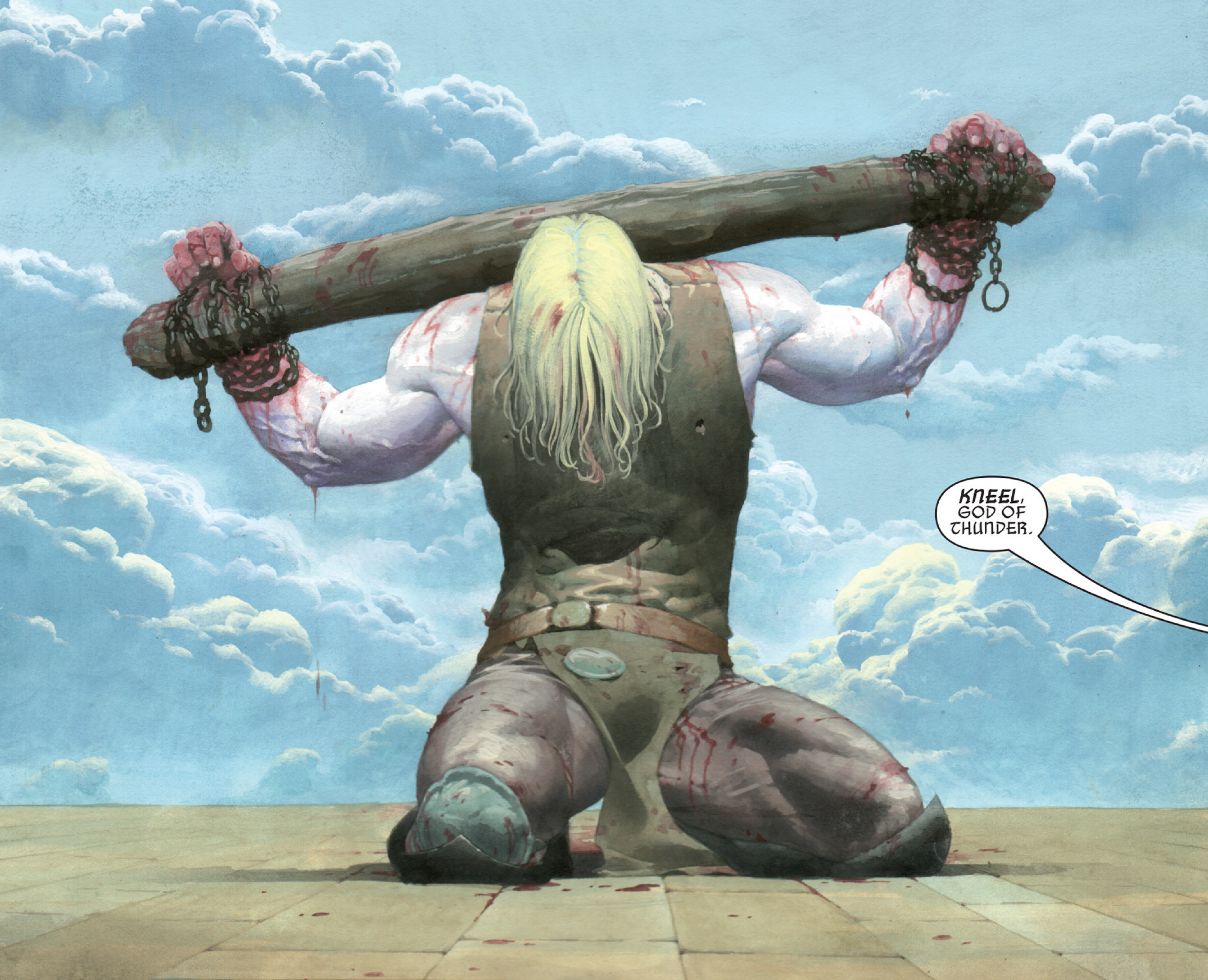


MARVEL
PSR+ 1

RODI
RIBIC

LOKI

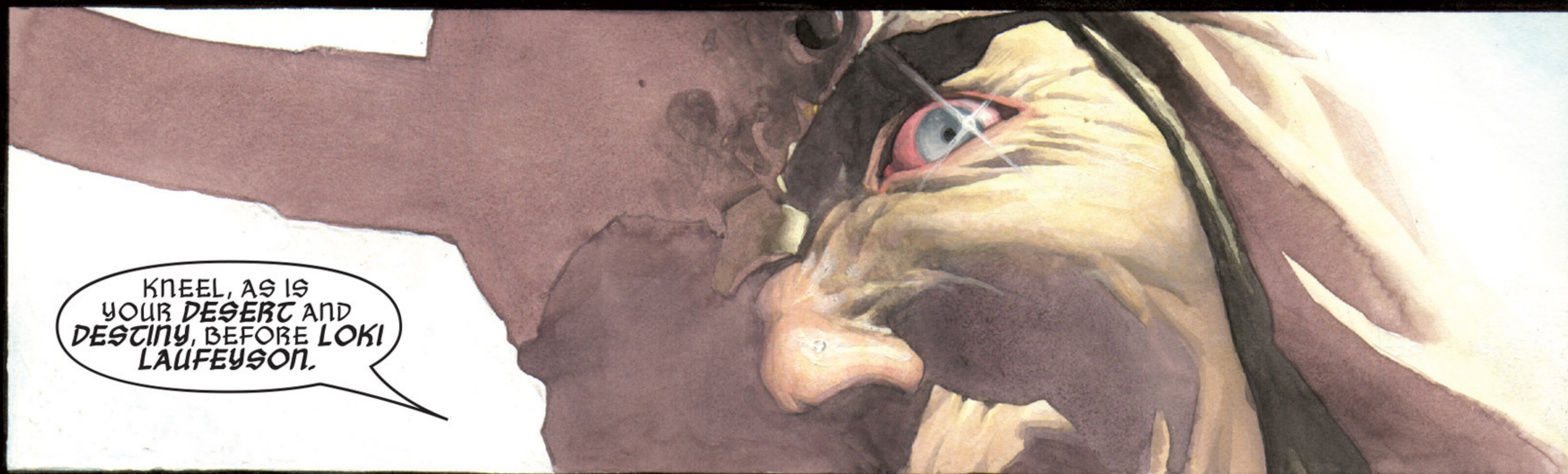




KNEEL,
GOD OF
THUNDER.



KNEEL
BEFORE YOUR
CONQUEROR.



ETA

Loki

part one

KNEEL
AS ALL ASGARD
MUST, BEFORE HER
NEW AND RIGHTFUL
LORD.





ENOUGH. THE SOVEREIGN
OF ASGARD HAS GREATER
TASKS TO ATTEND TO
THAN THE SUBJUGATION
OF ONE **ALREADY**
BROUGHT SO
LOW.



TAKE
HIM TO THE
DUNGEONS, AND
LET ASGARD'S
NEW AGE BEGIN
FORTHWITH.



WHAT,
THEN? ALL EYES
AVERTED?

DOES
NONE DARE
STEAL A GLANCE
AT LOKI'S DIVINE
MAJESTY?



BUT, COME...
IT WAS NOT SO LONG
HENCE, WHEN ALL HERE
FREELY LOOKED UPON
US WITH **DISDAIN** AND
DERISION.

SURELY
THERE REMAINS
IN ASGARD ONE BOLD
ENOUGH TO MAKE NO
PRETENSE OF SUDDEN
FEALTY.





WHO DARES?



FORGIVE HIM, MY LORD-- HE IS BUT A CHILD...

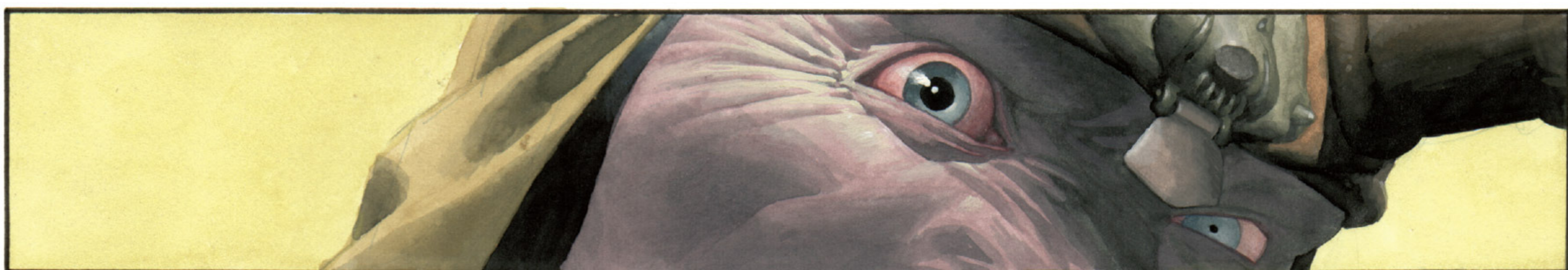


"BUT A CHILD," YOU SAY? AND, AS SUCH, DESERVING OF LOKI'S *MERCY*?

BUT WHO DID EVER SPEAK OF *LOKI* AND *MERCY* IN ONE BREATH, WOMAN? YOU STAKE YOUR HOPES ON WHAT YOUR LORD POSSESSES *NOT*.



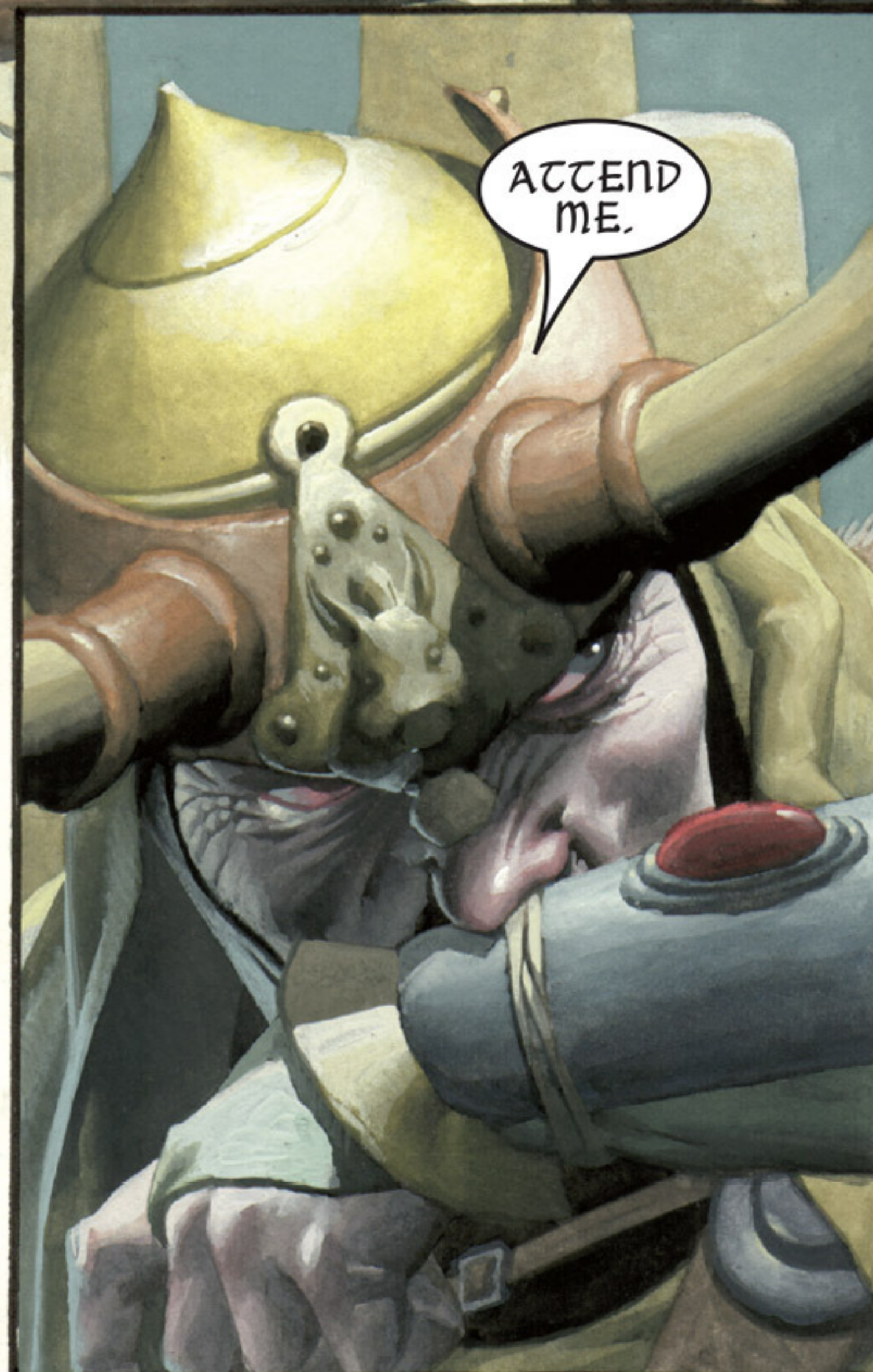
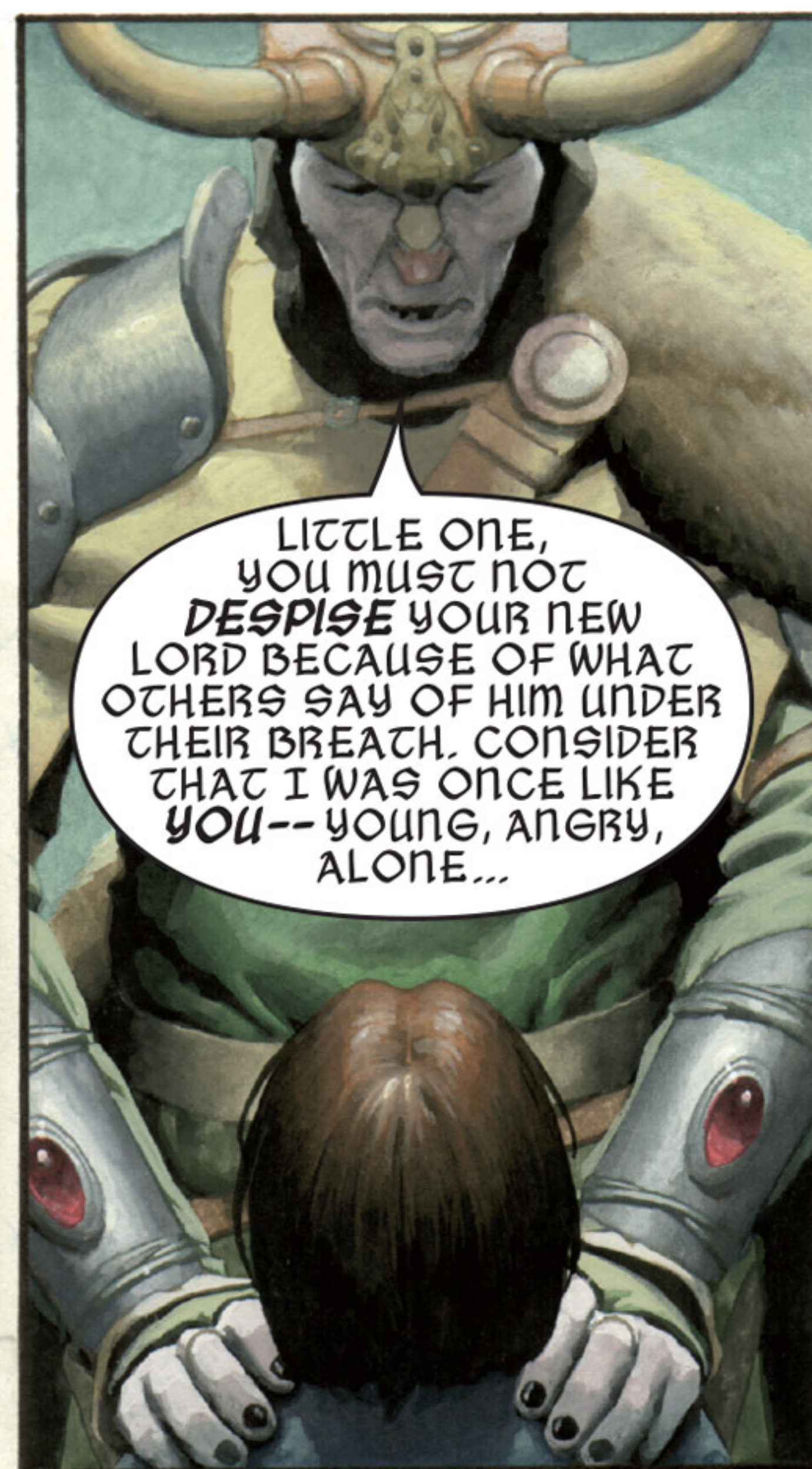
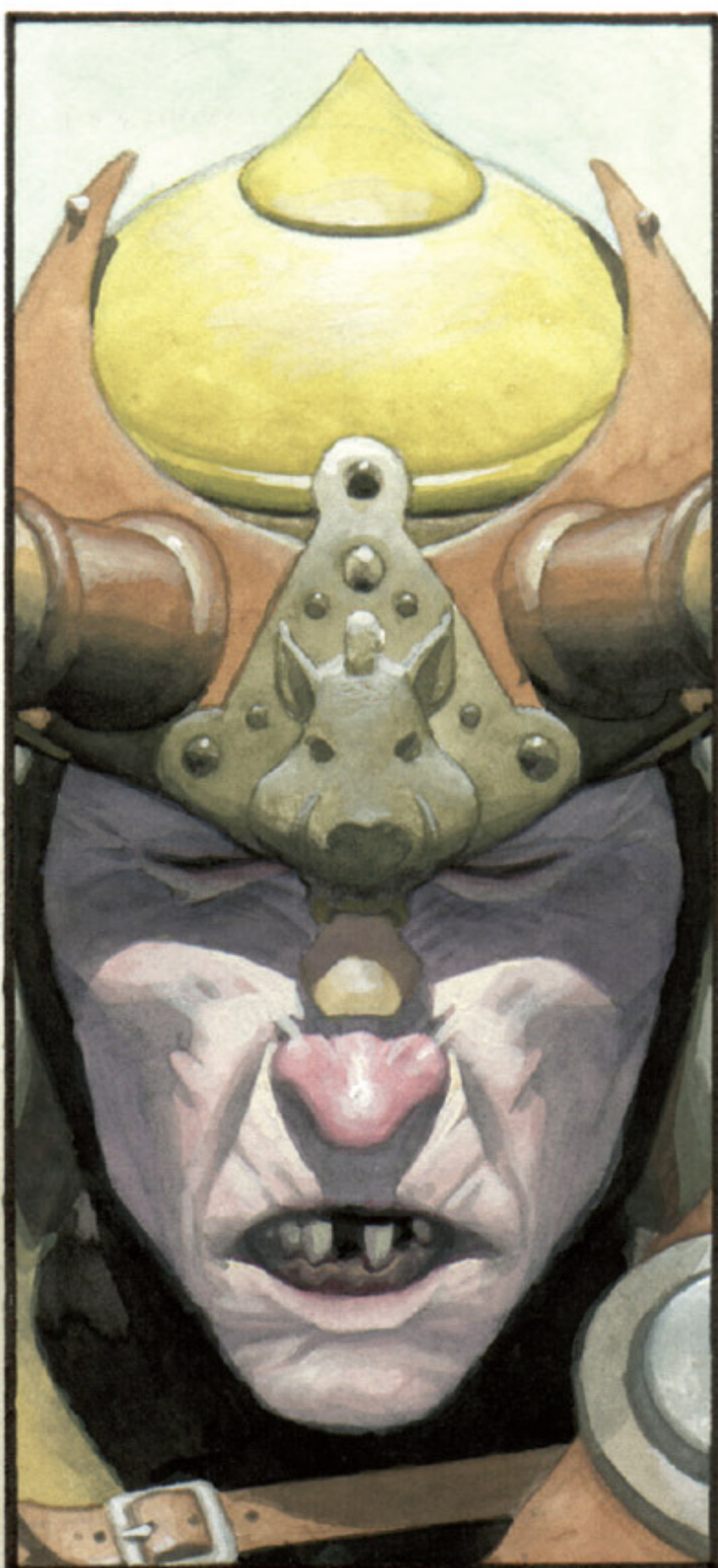
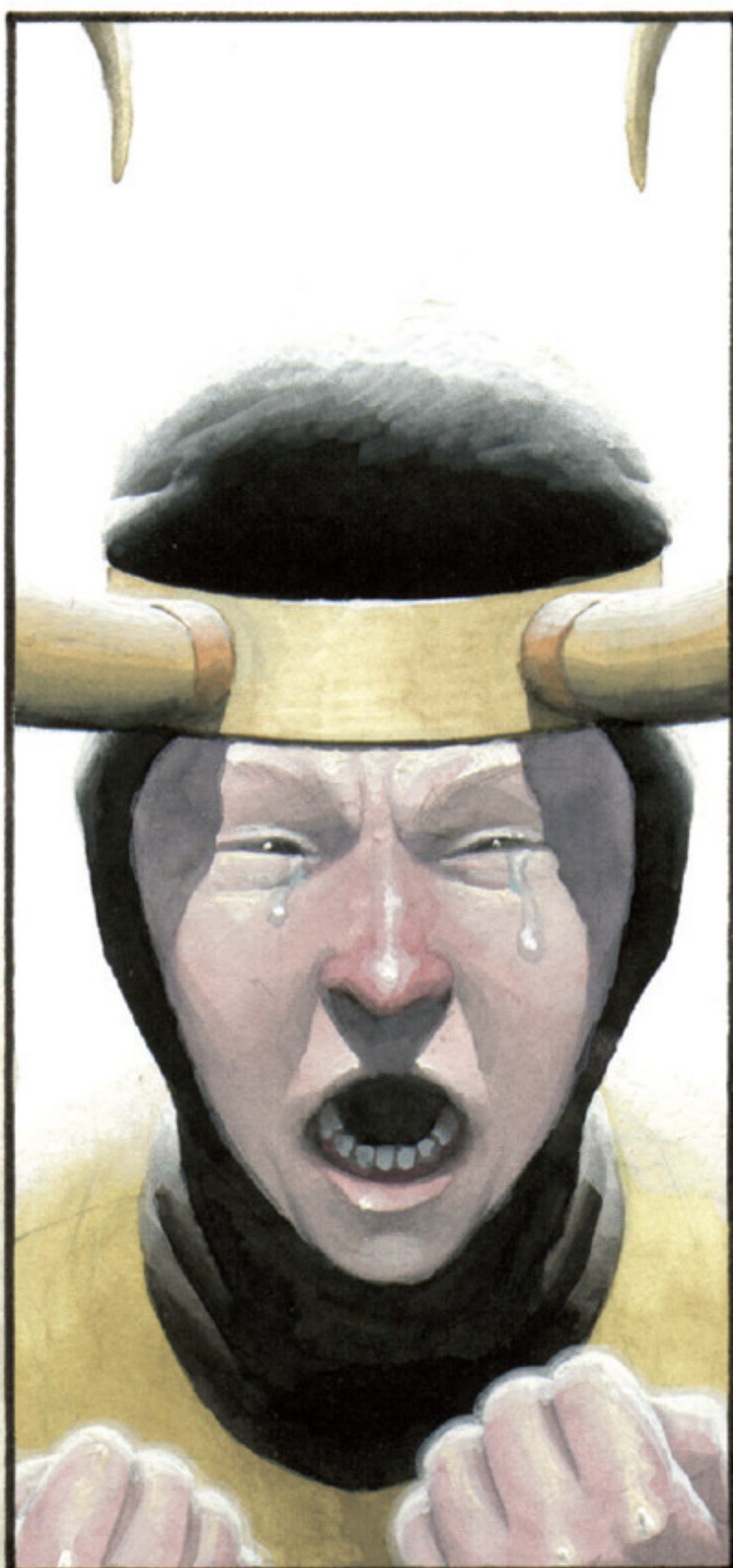
YOU ARE NOT MY LORD. YOU CAN *NEVER* BE MY LORD. AND I WILL NEVER SAY SO, DO WHAT YOU WILL TO ME.



YOU ARE *NOT* my FATHER!

I AM *not* LOKI ODINSON!

YOU ARE MY FATHER'S MURDERER AND I AM YOUR *PRISONER*, AND I WILL NOT DO YOUR WILL THOUGH YOU CALL DOWN ALL THE HOST OF *ASGARD* UPON ME.





FOR THE FIRST TIME, I ENTER THIS PALACE AS ITS MASTER.



CAN YOU IMAGINE THE EXQUISITE **SATISFACTION**--THE SURE, SWEET KNOWLEDGE THAT I HAVE **GAINED** WHAT SO LONG I **SOUGHT**?



no...none OF YOU, I ASSURE YOU, CAN KNOW IN THE **SMALLEST** DEGREE WHAT I FEEL.



BEHOLD HIM WHO WOULD BE **LORD OF ALL**! ARE YOU NOT AWESTRUCK BY HIS **GRANDEUR**, SIF?

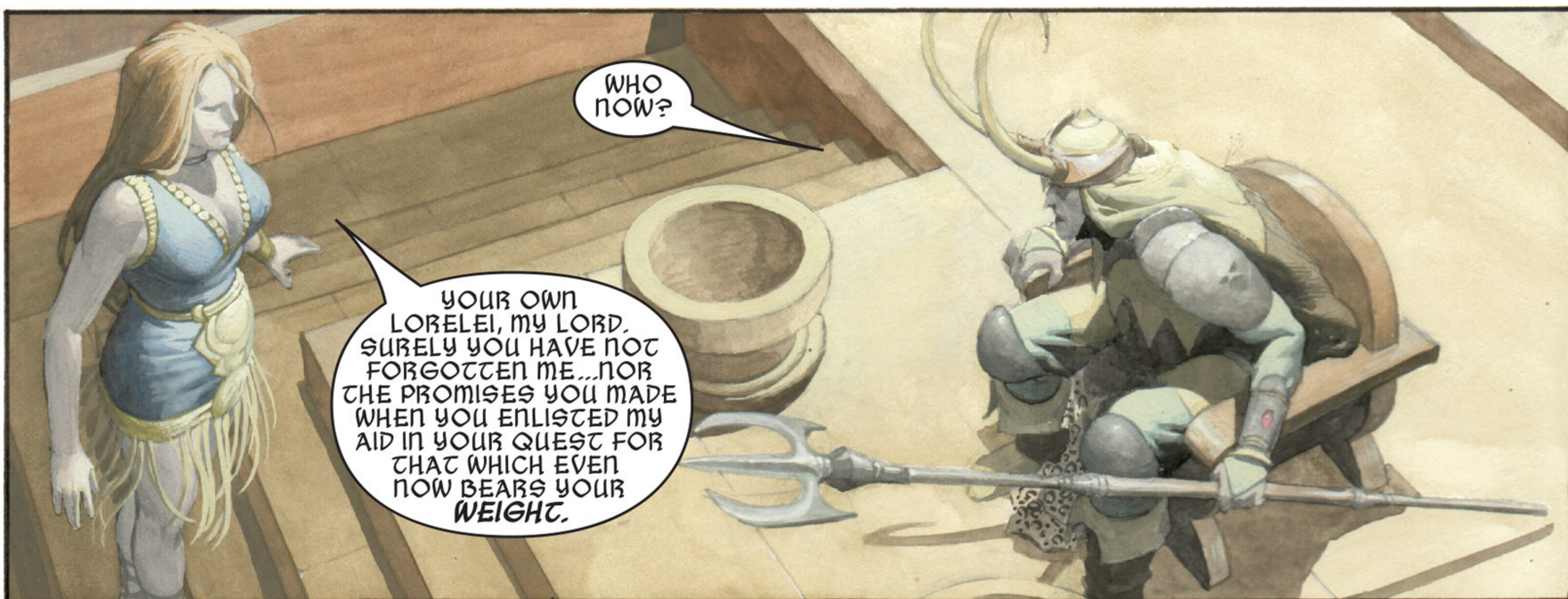
INDEED, BELOVED, I **TREMBLE**...

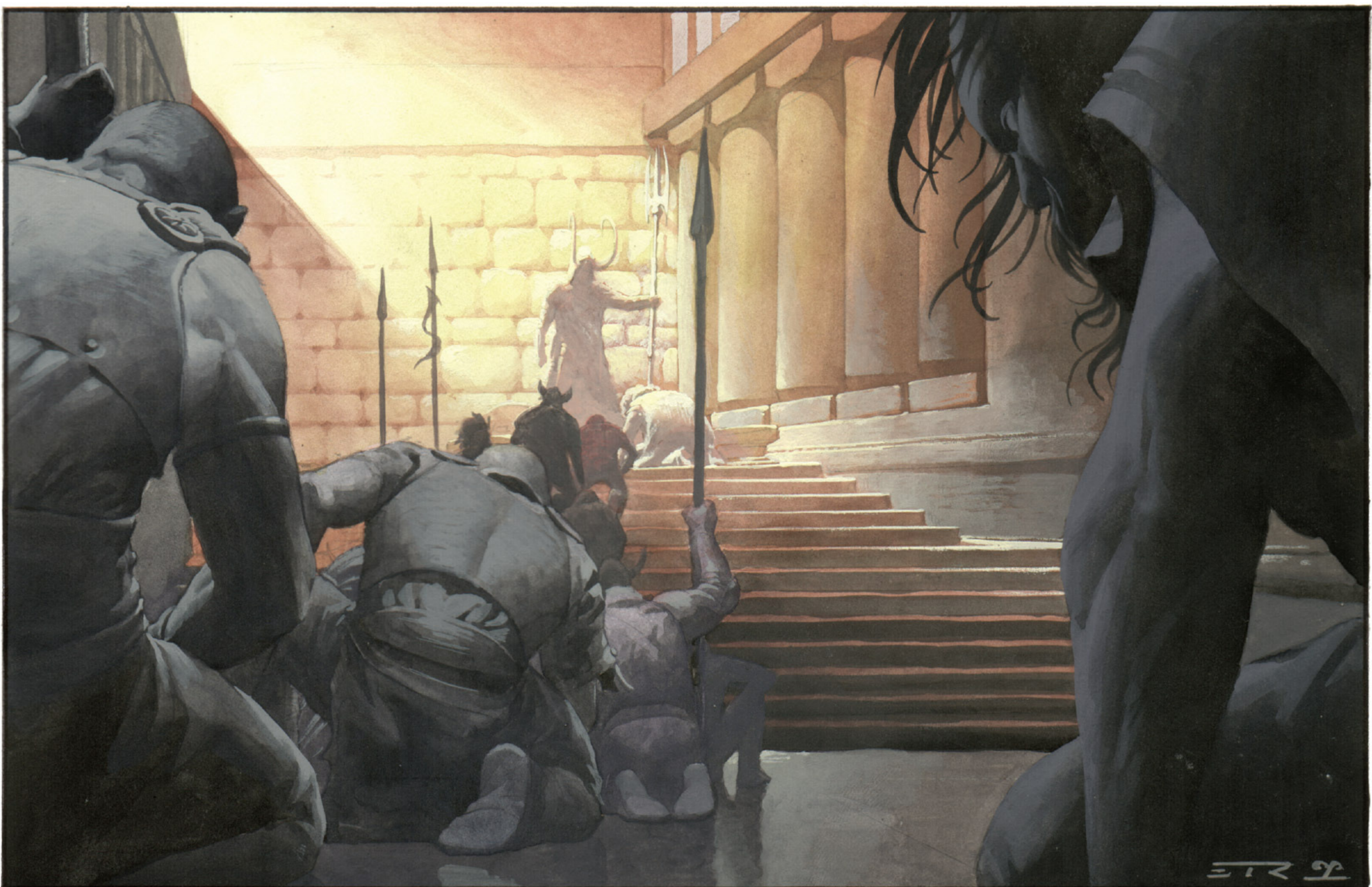
MOCK ME WHILE YOU **CAN**, BROTHER. MY DAY **WILL** COME...



≥AHEM≤

EH?









...MIGHT
SHE BE GRANTED
AUDIENCE?



I BID YOU WELCOME, HELA.

YOU ARE WISE TO SHOW ME COURTESY, LOKI LAUFEYSON. WE MAY BE **MONARCHS** BOTH, BUT WITH A TOUCH OF MY HAND I CAN YET RENDER YOU MY **SUBJECT**.



MAY I OFFER YOU REFRESHMENT?

I NEITHER **EAT** NOR **DRINK**, LORD OF ASGARD, THOUGH YOU CAN PROVIDE ME WITH WHAT **OTHER** NOURISHMENT I CRAVE.



ALAS, THE CONQUEROR BECOMES INDEED A PETTY **PAYMASTER**...

BUT NEVER MIND-- WHAT **TOKEN** CAN I PROVIDE YOU?



THE IMMORTAL SOUL OF THOR.

>PFFFT<

YOU...YOU DESIRE...

WHAT I HAVE **NAMED**, LORD OF ASGARD. ASK NOT **HELA** TO SAY AGAIN, LIKE SOME PLEADING BEGGAR.



WHY LOOK YOU SO ALARMED, LAUFEYSON? IT CAN BE NO SECRET TO YOU THAT I HAVE LONG SOUGHT YOUR BROTHER FOR MY LEGIONS IN **NIFFELHEIM**. I ASK ONLY THAT YOU NAME THE DAY I SHALL **HAVE** HIM.

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. OF **WHAT** DAY DO YOU SPEAK, LADY?



WHY, THAT OF THOR'S EXECUTION.



I...I HAVE NEVER SAID THAT THOR WILL **DIE**.

COME, COME, LORD OF ASGARD. WHAT **OTHER** FACE CAN YOU AFFORD HIM? LEAVE HIM IN CHAINS, AND HE WILL BREAK THEM. CLOSE HIM IN A CELL, HE WILL BATTER DOWN THE WALLS. YOUR THRONE SITS ON BUT **SAND** AND **MIRE** WHILE THE THUNDER GOD YET LIVES.



BUT I DO NOT **DESIRE** HIS DEATH, ONLY HIS CONTINUED **HUMILIATION**.

THAT WAS WHEN YOU WERE THE **TRICKSTER** GOD...



...NOW YOU HAVE PLAYED YOUR **FINAL** TRICK, AND IN SO DOING, BECOME **OTHER** THAN THAT YOU WERE.



LOKI IS **LORD**, AND MUST CONSIDER HIS **REIGN** AND HIS **REALM** OF GREATER ACCOUNT THAN **BOYHOOD** FEUDS.



THERE IS
SOME **WISDOM**
IN WHAT YOU
SAY.

THEN **ACT**
ON MY WORDS, LOKI
LAUFEYSON...



...AND DO
SO WITH **SPEED**.
LONG HAVE I WAITED
TO TAKE THOR'S
SOUL INTO MY
KEEPING...



...AND I WILL
LOOK KINDLY ON
NEITHER **man** NOR
king WHO HOLDS
IT FROM ME.





TRICKSTER
NO LONGER...

YET...WHAT
IS LOKI WITHOUT
THOR...?



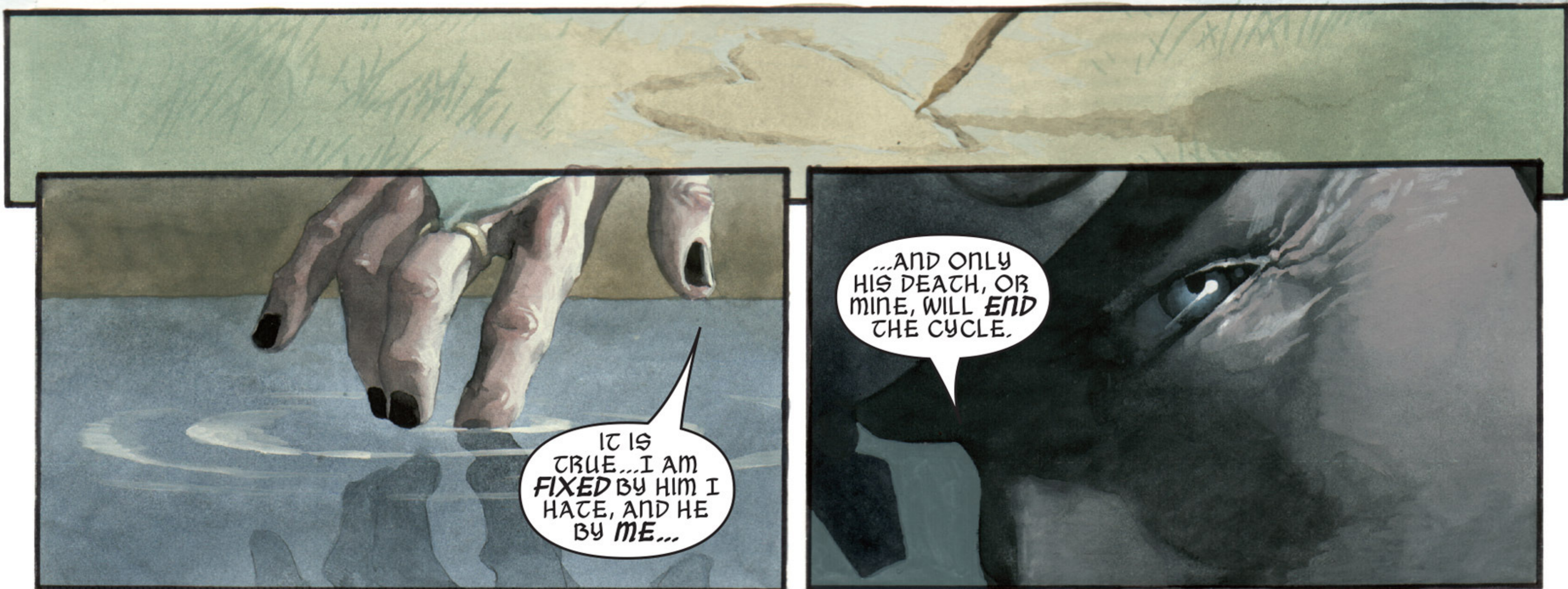
...FOR THERE
IS NO THING IN ALL
CREATION THAT CAN
EXIST WITHOUT ITS
OPPOSITE. IT IS DARK
THAT DEFINES **LIGHT**,
PAIN THAT GIVES
MEANING TO **PLEASURE**,
ABSENCE THAT
MAKES **PRESENCE**
KNOWABLE.

THEN SO TOO MUST THE
OPPOSITE BE TRUE,
MASTER. IF DARK TRULY
DEFINES **LIGHT**, LIGHT
MUST NEEDS DEFINE
DARK.



EXCELLENTLY
ARGUED, YOUNG
ODINSON.

LOKI, GIVE
YOUR MIND TO THE
LESSON, PLEASE, AND
TURN **NOT** THAT SNEERING
COURTESANCE ON
YOUR MASTER!



IT IS
TRUE...I AM
FIXED BY HIM I
HATE, AND HE
BY **ME**...

...AND ONLY
HIS DEATH, OR
MINE, WILL **END**
THE CYCLE.

Jotunheim

NEWS...
NEWS FROM
ASGARD...

LOKI
LAUFÉYSON HAS
DEPOSED THE ALL-
FATHER...

LOKI
REIGNS...NEWS FROM
ASGARD...

LOKI...



my
LORD...I WAS NOT
EXPECTING--

my
APOLOGIES,
WARDEN--IT IS
MY WHIM TO PAY
A CALL ON MY
BROTHER.

AS YOU
WISH, MY LORD. BUT
I FEAR HE'LL AFFORD
YOU NO GREAT
ENTERTAINMENT...

...NOT A
WORD HAS PASSED
THOSE BLOOD-CAKED
LIPS IN THE HOURS
SINCE HE WAS
BROUGHT HERE...



...I HOPE HE MAY
GATHER SOME *SPIRIT*
ERE LONG, OR HIS
EXECUTION WILL BE A
DULL AFFAIR
INDEED.

EXECUTION!
WHY DO ALL ABOUT
ME PRESUPPOSE HIS
END?

I BEG MY
LORD'S PARDON.
IT IS NOT FOR *ME*
TO INFER MY
SOVEREIGN'S
WILL.

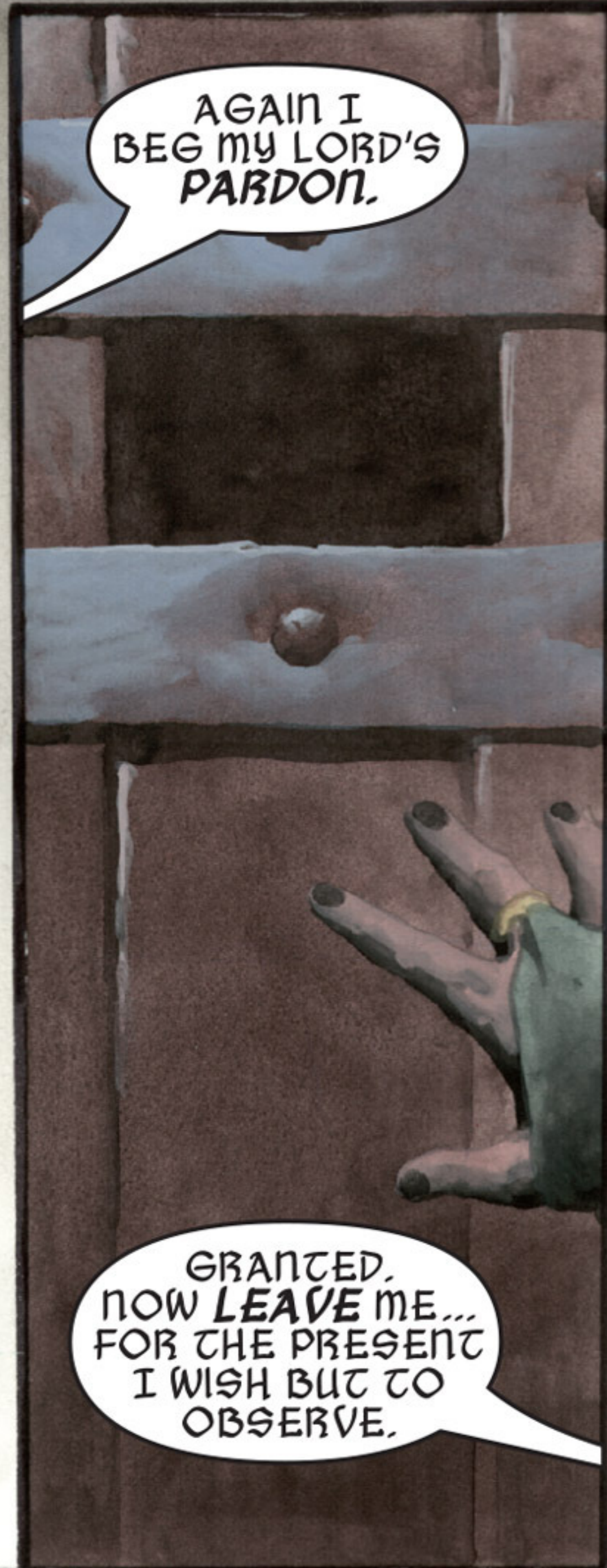
BEHOLD THE ODINSON'S
CELL, MY LORD. DO YOU
WISH INGRESS? I ASSURE
YOU THERE REMAINS IN HIM
NOTHING WHICH MIGHT
IMPERIL YOU.



NOR
WOULD I
FALTER IF THERE
WERE!

YOU
FORGET,
WARDEN, I
DID *BEST* MY
BROTHER IN
BATTLE, NOT
HIM ME.

AGAIN I
BEG MY LORD'S
PARDON.



GRANTED.
NOW *LEAVE* ME...
FOR THE PRESENT
I WISH BUT TO
OBSERVE.

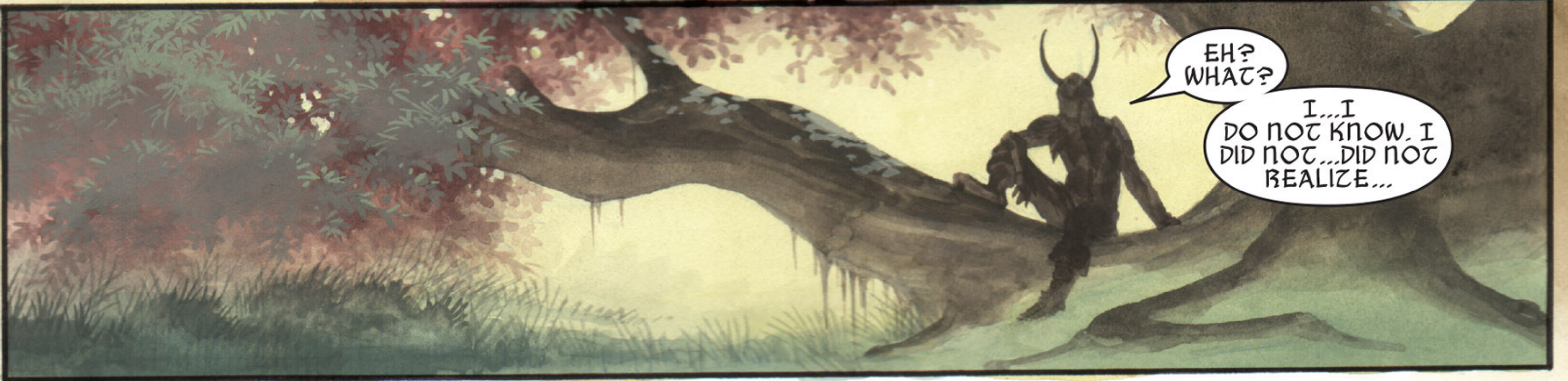




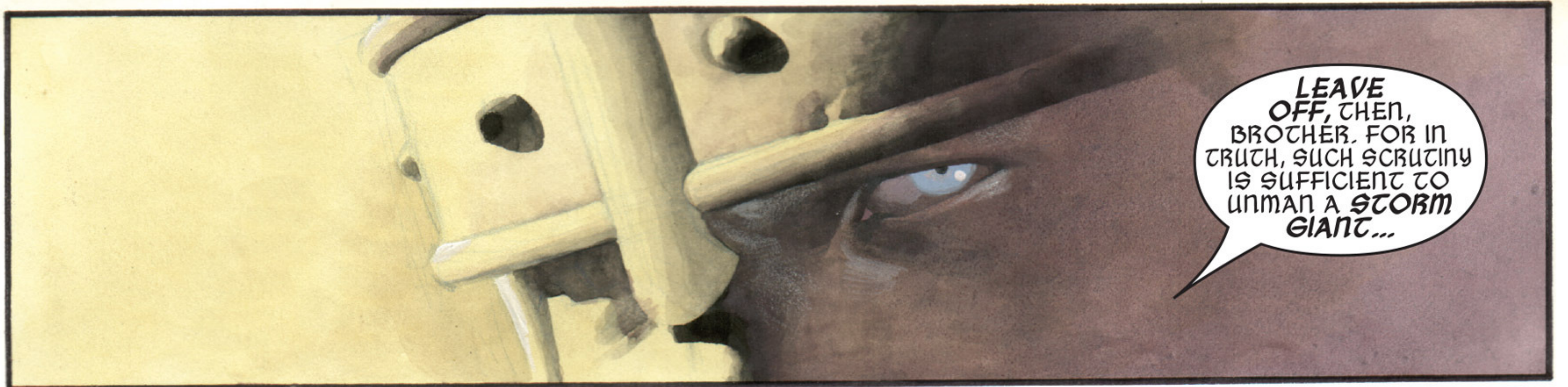
LOKI...



...I DID ASK YOU A QUESTION: WHY DO YOU GAZE UPON ME SO INTENTLY?



EH? WHAT? I...I DO NOT KNOW. I DID NOT...DID NOT REALIZE...



LEAVE OFF, THEN, BROTHER. FOR IN TRUTH, SUCH SCRUTINY IS SUFFICIENT TO UNMAN A STORM GIANT...



...HA
HAHA
HA...



MY
LORD...IS ALL
WELL?

WELL?
WELL?



WHAT *THINK*
YOU, MISCREANT? FOR
MILLENNIA HAVE I PLOTTED
MY CONQUEST OF ASGARD,
MY ASSUMPTION OF SUPREME
POWER, THE **DESTRUCTION**
OF MY HATED STEP-
BROTHER.

MY
LORD,
I--



NOW I HAVE
ACHIEVED ALL THIS--
AND YOU ASK IF ALL IS
WELL?

≧mmmGH≦

MAYHAP
YOU DOUBT MY
WILL TO TAKE MY
BROTHER'S LIFE,
EH?



OR MAYHAP
YOU DOUBT THE
JUSTICE OF HIS
DEATH?

≧NK≦

KNOW THIS, THEN: MY BROTHER
DOES MERIT EXECUTION A
HUNDRED TIMES OVER, AND A
HUNDRED TIMES **THAT**.
AND I CAN **PROVE** AS MUCH...
YEA, EVEN WITH TESTIMONY
FROM THOSE WHO HOLD
HIM IN THE HIGHEST
REGARD.

YOU WILL
SEE, FAITHLESS
ONE. YOUR LORD
WILL OPEN YOUR
WRETCHED
EYES.



≧GASP≦

WARDEN!
ACCEND ME!



AT YOUR
SERVICE, my
LORD.

HAVE YOU
YOUR **KEYS**
ABOUT YOU,
WARDEN?

YES,
my LORD...



THEN
LEAD ME WHERE
I WILL...



CLAAACK



I
SEE NO
ONE.

GIVE YOUR
EYES A MOMENT
TO **ADJUST**, my
LORD.

AH...YES.



BEHOLD,
SCURRILOUS ONE.
KNOW YOU THE
TRAITOR YOU SEE
BEFORE YOU?

n-no, my
LORD...

I DO NOT
WONDER. WHO WOULD
MISTAKE THIS PALE,
WRETCHED **HUSK** FOR THE
BEWITCHING CREATURE
WHO STOLE THOR'S
HEART...

...THE
LADY SIF?